

WHEN ALL IS SAID.

When all is said—when all our words
Of love and pleasure, and by one,
Have taken wings and flown like birds
That seek the Southern sun—
Naught shall be changed. The sweet delay
Of April dusk, the rapturous dawn,
The glowing height of golden day,
Shall all go on and on.

The birds shall thrill the rosy bough
With ecstasy of spring-tide song;
And in the meadows, then as now,
The grass shall crowd and throng.

There shall be flowers and flowers!—to waste
Along the paths where victors tread,
Or where the feasters sing in haste;
And wreaths to deck the dead.

And not the less, cool streams shall run
Through secret haunts of woodland gloom;
And I shall smile as smiles the sun
On cradle and on tomb.

When all is said, soul of my soul!
Could all be said of love's delight
Twixt thee and me, though time should rot
Beyond earth's day and night?
—Julia A. Wehrlich, in *Atlantic Monthly*

NOT AN HEIRESS.

The Story of Miss Dickson's Legacy.

"Yes," said Miss Dickson; "I think now that I can afford to see a little of the world. I've always been tucked down in a cheap boarding-house, doing embroidery on the sly for the fancy stores and keeping up a great appearance on a very slim foundation, and I'm tired of this sort of business. Now I can expand into a lady!"

Old Aunt Zeruah Dodd, down in New Jersey, had been as long in dying as if she were a blood relation to the Wandering Jew; but the unavoidable moment had come at last, and she had paid Nature's debt unwillingly enough, and Miss Dickson was to be her heiress.

"There must be a hundred thousand dollars at least," said Miss Dickson. "Good land of liberty! and up to this time I've been counting my pennies and trying to make both ends meet, to keep out of the poor-house. It don't seem possible! What a world this is!"

Mary Ann Dickson, usually called "Aunt Polly," looked at herself in the glass. She was not a beauty, and it was very plain that she never could be one; but there were possibilities that she might be what was called "stylish," and that was the next best thing.

Just about this time her niece, Mary Ann, came up from the old farm and, as was natural enough, proceeded straight to Aunt Polly's boarding-house for a refuge.

Aunt Polly regarded her rather sourly. "What brings you here, child? And now, of all times in the world?" she said.

"Grandfather is dead," explained the child, timidly, "and the old house is sold, and I had nowhere else to go; and the neighbors said there would be lots of ways for a strong girl like me to earn her living in New York."

"The neighbors, indeed!" sputtered Miss Dickson. "I wish the neighbors would mind their own business. What on earth am I to do with a great girl like you?"

Little Mary Ann burst into tears. "Oh, I'm sorry I came!" said she. "I'm sorry I came! But, you know, you have spent three summers at Apple Farm, and you always said you would be glad to see me when I came to the city."

Miss Dickson made a grimace. "What can't be cured must be endured," said she. "And I suppose you'll have to stay. But, mind, child, no 'Aunt Polly-ing' me. I am Miss Dickson now—and you are my maid."

"Your maid, Aunt—I mean, Miss Dickson?"

"Yes," nodded Miss Dickson. "You expect to have to work for a living, don't you?"

"Oh, yes; but—" "There are no buts," imperiously interposed Miss Dickson. "Do you suppose I can support you in idleness? I wonder at the impudence of some folks."

"I am willing to work," sobbed little Mary Ann.

"Of course I shall not pay you any wages. Nobody in their senses would expect that, when you're just out of the backwoods, and will have to be taught everything. If there is any question of money, it is I that ought to be paid. I think. But you'll have your board and clothes—there will be always enough of my old gowns to keep you looking respectable. And, as I'm going to travel, you will see the world, with no expense to yourself."

"To travel?" repeated the girl. Miss Dickson nodded.

"I'm going to inherit a little money," said she, vaguely—(it would not do to tell Mary Ann how much, lest, in her ignorance of the world, the child should imagine that her relative could be more generous with her)—"and I've decided to visit Saratoga and Lake George, and all those places. And of course I shall need a maid, so you see you can be of service. As a servant you'll get board at half price, and not cost me so much; and I dare say I can teach you to be very handy."

Mary Ann turned scarlet. "When you came to Maple Farm," said she, "we didn't set you to washing dishes and feeding the pigs. We were glad to see you; we gave you the best in the house, and made you well-

come."

"Eh?" said Miss Dickson. "And I'm obliged to you, all the same," cried Mary Ann, innocently; "but I'd rather not be hired maid at half-price board to my own aunt. It isn't money or second-hand clothes I need so much, though I'm poor and friendless enough, Heaven knows! but it's some one to be kind to me. And you always made as if you were very fond of me when you came to Apple Farm."

"Things have changed since then," exclaimed Miss Dickson, in a towering passion.

"They have, indeed," said Mary Ann. "So good-bye, Aunt Polly. I daresay I shall find honest work somewhere. If not, it won't be for lack of trying."

And Mary Ann took the next train back to Deep Gorge, to pour out her sorrow into the sympathetic ear of Mrs. Pollard, the minister's wife, who had always been her kindest ally.

"Mother," said Reuben Pollard, "I can't stand little Mary Ann's tears. I know I'm not rich; I've only twelve dollars a week; but, living as we do, that's enough to meet our simple expenses. And I am twenty, and Mary Ann is seventeen; but we are both old enough to know our own minds. I love Mary Ann, mother, and I am going to tell her so."

"And I can't find it in my heart to blame you, Reuben," said Mrs. Pollard, her own eyes sparkling through a certain suspicious mist. "You'll have to wait awhile, my son, until you've earned enough to furnish a little room for her; but, in the meanwhile, she is welcome to a home in the parsonage."

Miss Dickson—the New York Miss Dickson, with the high cheek bones, the thin, sandy hair, and the receding chin, not the Apple Farm Miss Dickson, with the blue eyes, the pink and white complexion, and the ripe cherry of a mouth—was giving audience to her dressmaker, a few days subsequently, when the boarding-house maid-of-all-work brought in a letter, held, maid-of-all-work fashion, in the corner of her apron.

"Norah," said Miss Dickson, raising both hands despairingly, "will you never learn that the letters should be brought in on the little brass tray?"

She took the letter, nevertheless, from Norah's grimy fingers, and carelessly tore open its envelope.

"It's from Mr. Capson, the New Jersey lawyer who had charge of Aunt Zeruah Dodd's affairs," she thought. "Now I shall know, from real official sources, exactly how much I am worth."

A thrill of triumph went through her heart as she prepared to peruse this welcome epistle:

"MY DEAR MISS DICKSON," it read. "I have recently learned, to my great regret, that you have been informally notified, through the letters of the gossiping good folks hereabouts, that you are the heiress of Miss Zeruah Dodd, my late client, who is recently deceased, possessed of ninety thousand dollars, chiefly in Government bonds and reliable bond and mortgage investments. This is an entirely gratuitous assumption on their parts. The money was bequeathed to a Mary Ann Dickson, it is true, but it was to Mary Ann, daughter of the late Zerubbabel Dickson, of Deep Gorge, Conn., and not, as you may have been allowed erroneously to suppose, to yourself."

"Hoping that your expectations have not been unduly raised by foundationless rumors, I remain, Very truly your servant,"

"CALVIN CAPSON."

The letter dropped from Miss Dickson's nerveless hand.

"And I am not an heiress, after all!" she thought. "I am just as poor as I was before, and here are all the dresses ordered, the most expensive mourning to be got in New York! And nobody can tell what Miss Bibbington's bill will be. Dressmakers are perfectly conscienceless."

And Miss Dickson burst into a shower of hysterical tears.

She spent the next summer in her hot back room in the cheap boarding-house, with an outlook on tin roofs and smoke-blackened chimneys. She could now carry out the Saratoga and Lake George programmes, and she had not the face to propose a visit to Apple Farm.

"Though," she said to herself, "I am told that little Mary Ann has bought back the old place and fitted it up beautifully, and is living there with the young man she has married—one Mr. Pollard—a regular fortune hunter, I've no doubt in the world!"

But, in the intense self-absorption of her nature, Miss Dickson never could be made to understand the sort of affection which existed between Reuben Pollard and his young wife—a link which Aunt Zeruah's ninety thousand dollars could neither make nor mar.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

"I wish you'd make me an old-fashioned cup of coffee," he said, as he sat down in a Detroit restaurant. In a few minutes a cup was placed before him; and he surveyed it, sniffed at it and turned up his nose, and asked: "What do you call it?" "An old-fashioned cup of coffee, sir. I got some Rio, burned it on the shovel, pounded it in a rag, and it is sweetened with molasses and dosed with skimmed milk. Those good old times are gone, sir; but the old-fashioned coffee can be made yet."

—A Georgetown couple were playfully "cutting up" the other evening. The gentleman made a threatening gesture toward his wife, when his four-year-old hopeful spreadeagled out into the middle of the floor, shouting, "Get behind me, mamma; get behind me!" —*Washington Critic.*

ARSENIC EATERS.

Great Increase in the Number of Persons Addicted to This Poison.

The habit of arsenic-eating is becoming more and more common among the young women of this city, and physicians say that nothing too harsh can be uttered against this miserable practice. Arsenic preparations of all kinds are advertised and various preparations of this deadly drug are daily sold for the alleged purpose of beautifying the complexion. They who use it are daily laying the foundation of a disease that will one day destroy some of their most vital organs. The actual object to be gained by arsenic eating is that clear, white, almost transparent skin, which they so much admire and which may mean an early death. A well-known physician said to a reporter to-day: "The health department has become alarmed at the increase in the sale and use of these noxious complexion preparations. Advertisements of arsenic stare every body in the face in spite of attempts to prohibit the sale. Claims have been made by the vendors that there is so little arsenic in the preparations that no harm can come of it. In opposition to this is the fact that wall papers where the green color is given by Scheel's arsenic compound have been tabooed by the health authorities on the grounds that even the small amount of arsenic given off by exhalation had caused death in some cases. Again, the results obtained by the use of arsenic show very plainly the hurtful nature of it. The exact state of affairs brought about by arsenic eating is a diminution of strength of the blood; the capillary blood-vessels are stopped from working; the ends of the blood-vessels are killed; no blood is supplied to the skin, and the real reason for the white, transparent nature of the skin is that it is practically dead. If the result of arsenic eating is the highly transparent state of the skin, and if this can only result from the killing of blood-vessels, the claim that there is no harm done in the habit becomes an absurdity."

Physicians throughout the city are up in arms against the use of the drug.

One prominent doctor said: "I hope that something will be done, and done soon, to stop this abominable traffic. If the destruction of blood-vessels was the only thing the arsenic-eater succeeded in doing it would be bad enough, but that is not all. The arsenic has a bad effect upon the kidneys, and is likely to bring out a disease which will end only in death. It has also a bad effect on the digestive organs, and soon destroys their action; the liver, too, is diseased by the poison, and the nerves become affected to such an extent that their control becomes impossible. It acts upon the system in such a way that the victims of the habit become lost to all sense of morality. The practice of arsenic eating is a vicious one that ought to be stopped immediately before any more harm is done."—*N. Y. Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

STRANGE MEDICINES.

Mysterious Powders and Decoctions Prescribed by Oriental Physicians.

Mr. Mitford has told us how he saw a Chinese physician prescribe a decoction of three scorpions for a child struck down with fever, and Mr. Gill in his "River of Golden Sand" mentions having met a number of coolies laden with red deer's horns, some of them very fine twelve-tine antlers. They are only hunted when in velvet, and from the horns when in this state a medicine is made which is one of the most highly prized in the Chinese pharmacopoeia. With regard to the singular virtues supposed to attach to the medicinal use of tiger, General Robert Warden tells me that on one occasion when in India he was exhibiting some trophies of the chase, some Chinamen who were present became much excited at the sight of an unusually fine tiger skin. They eagerly inquired whether it would be possible to find the place where the carcass was buried, because from the bones of tigers dug up three months after burial a decoction may be prepared which gives immense muscular power to the fortunate man who swallows it. I am indebted to the same informant for an interesting note on the medicine folk-lore of India, namely, that while camping in the jungle one of his men came to entreat him to shoot a nightjar for his benefit, because from the bright, prominent eyes of this bird of night an ointment is prepared which gives great clearness of vision, and is therefore highly prized. Miss Bird, too, has recorded some very remarkable details on the materia medica of China and Japan. When in a remote district of Japan she became so unwell as to deem it necessary to consult a native doctor, of whom she says: "He has great faith in ginseng and in rhinoceros horn, and in the powdered liver of some animal, which, from the description, I understood to be a tiger, all specifics of the Chinese school of medicines. Dr. Nosaki showed me a small box of unicorn's horn, which he said was worth more than its weight in gold."—*Nineteenth Century.*

"Let me have a postal card," said a gentleman to a drug clerk. "We sell only stamps on Sunday," replied the pill-roller. "Well," said the gentleman, "let me have a stamp, then." "Haven't any."—*Harper's Bazar.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—A Nevada man who started out to look for a grizzly bear found him in time for dinner—the bear's dinner.—*Judge.*

—The bodies of about six hundred Chinese are about to be disinterred at San Francisco and shipped to China by steamer for final internment.

—A German mathematician has calculated that the snowfall of Central Germany from December 19 to 23 weighed no less than 10,000,000 tons in the area between 50° and 52.5° north latitude and between 7° and 18° east longitude.

—Hot water from artesian wells is one of the looked-for boons. It is thought reasonable to suppose that hot water can be obtained almost anywhere if wells are bored deep enough, the feasibility of this source of supply being already largely demonstrated by the success of the great artesian well project at Pesth.

—Bill Johnson, a stage robber, now languishing in an Idaho jail, speaks despondently of the business as follows: "Stage after stage has been held up without getting a nickel, and it seems as though all the money in the country was in the hands of the bankers, the railroad managers or the express companies."

—A Tennessee newspaper contains the following: "We are rejoiced to know that J. C. Rackheft, that prince of gentlemen and czar of culture, has secured the contract for building a plank sidewalk in front of the Gibbons block. He is a gentleman of the old school and knows a good piece of plank when he sees it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

—Two skeletons dug up several months ago in a cave near Orneau, in Belgium, appear to belong to the oldest race of which any record exists. These prehistoric individuals were contemporary with the mammoth, and inhabited the country before the great ice age. They were short and thick set, with broad shoulders, supporting a long and narrow head, with an extremely low forehead.

—Three weeks ago J. F. Eurich, of Red Bank, N. J., placed a basket of eggs on his stove extension. He had no occasion to use any of them, and inadvertently kept his stove at an even heat both night and day. The room served as a shop and living room. Yesterday he was surprised at a "peep" from his egg basket. He found twelve as pretty little chicks as were ever hatched by an old hen.

—It has been demonstrated again and again that almost one-half the units of heat in a given quantity of coal are wasted in one way and another as it is now used, owing partly to the impossibility of gauging the supply of heat by the requirements of the moment, but more to imperfect combustion. It is capable of scientific proof, too, that nearly all this waste can be avoided by converting the coal into gas before using it as a heat supply.—*Providence Journal.*

—The International Institute of Statistics has just had a convention in Rome, and one of the most interesting points it established is the fact that the death rate in Europe has been very much reduced during the past century. People are living longer and are more healthy than they were one hundred years ago, and this happy result is attributed to the progress of medical science, and especially to the energetic sanitary measures that have been adopted everywhere.—*Boston Budget.*

—A shrewd Chinaman is importing from Germany cast-off horse shoes, of which certain Berlin firms are about to ship some three or four thousand tons. The "heathen Chinese" has found out that the wrought iron of which horse shoes are made, owing to the constant and even hammering on the pavement, together with the equine animal heat, gradually assumes the hardness of steel, combined with great malleability and elasticity, qualities which fit them more especially for the manufacture of knives and sword blades.

—An American writer who is smart at figures has estimated that the people of the United States could feed themselves upon a good mixed diet, including meats, tea and coffee at a cost of about twenty-four cents per day for each person. Vegetarians have demonstrated the possibility of maintaining health upon sixpence or twelve cents worth of food per day. At the other extreme we find many fashionable hotels charging from five to ten dollars per day for three meals and a bed.—*Foot's Health Monthly.*

—The living skeleton and well-known museum specimen, lately deceased at the age of thirty-five years, was a case of recognized disease known as progressive muscular atrophy or wasting. It is generally caused by unusual muscular exertion or exposure to cold and wet, but in this particular case it was brought on by excessive swimming at the age of twelve. The patient's health, appetite and mental faculties remained unimpaired long after the great bulk of the muscles had wasted away.—*Foot's Health Monthly.*

—Professor (to the class in chemistry)—"Mention an oxide." Student—"Leather." Professor—"Oxide of what?" Student—"Oxide of beef."

—Weekly BAZZEE, \$1 per year. Try it.

LABOR NOTES.

—The South Carolina Knights preserve the old time secrecy which made the Knights so popular under Stevens.

—The national district assembly of plumbers No. 85, will convene in Pittsburg on the first Monday in September.

—New shoe manufacturing concerns are springing up in New England. The spring trade was the greatest ever known.

—A Philadelphia syndicate has put up \$500,000 to erect plants to make iron and steel and mine coal in Bramwell, W. Va.

—The national convention of master joiners has resolved that technical education should be instructed in the public schools.

—St. Louis foundries are busy making iron yokes and other castings to change horse-power to cable lines on street railroads.



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